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BACCALAUREATE SERMON

AND

ORATION AND POEM.

CLASS OF 1870.



BOSTON:
ROCKWELL & CHURCHILL, PRINTERS,
122 WASHINGTON STREET.
1870.

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BOSTON:
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1870.

Class Committee.



WILLIAM WIGGLESWORTH CHAMBERLIN.

WILLIAM GARDNER HALE.

HORACE GRAY LUNT.



THOMAS BALDWIN TICKNOR, *Class Secretary.*

AUTHORITY.



A

VALEDICTORY SERMON,

PREACHED BEFORE THE

GRADUATING CLASS OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

JUNE 19, 1870,

BY ANDREW P. PEABODY.

S E R M O N .

“ONE HAVING AUTHORITY.” — Matthew vii. 29.

ALMOST all questions of belief and conduct are included in the one fundamental question between authority and autonomy. Does there exist anywhere the right to be believed and obeyed? Or are individual consciousness and experience the sole source, test, and ground of truth and duty? If I can help those who are now going to leave us to answer this question wisely, I am sure that the magnitude of the interests involved will make it seem not inappropriate to an occasion like the present.

What is authority? I apprehend that the ambiguity and the misuse of this word occasion not a little of the contempt of authority so rife at the present time. Authority is indeed often employed to denote mere *power*; but it really means *right*, — the right to assent or credence, which sometimes implies, not in itself, but from the nature of the case, the right to obedience or submission. Right is always the basis of authority. Where there is no right, there may be power, but there is no authority. Conversely, right includes and implies authority; it has, for its due, belief, obedience, or both, as the nature of the case may require.

Authority and progress are often set over against each other, as mutually adverse. So far is this from being the case that they are inseparably allied. Where one is not, the other cannot be. Authority is the ground of almost all our knowledge; it has been the essential condition and the sole means of human progress; and it is equally the condition and means of all future progress. I will first illustrate these propositions with reference to science, in which they are undisputed, and then develop their application to morals and religion, in which they are disputed.

We will select the science of chemistry as a test of these propositions. This science, under its Saracenic style of alchymy, had its centuries of nonage and imbecility, first with the Eastern race that gave it its name, and then among the races of Western Europe. The early alchymists found themselves in what seemed a tumultuous chaos of substances and phenomena. They at first made experiments at random, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred with no result save to demonstrate their ignorance. But gradually, as they pursued their researches, a thread of light gleamed here and there on their dense darkness; stray filaments of order revealed themselves in the chaos; approximate laws of chemical combination and action were discovered; provisional theories, embracing the few truths that had been ascertained, were established. These laws, these theories, were received on authority; else every new inquirer must have gone over the whole ground afresh, and would have got no further than his predecessors. But each generation of inquirers mounted as it were on the shoulders of those that had gone before them, availed themselves, in the form of axioms, of the results of antecedent experiment and discovery, and on this basis made their own contributions to the science. Nor did their faith in authority belie itself. The laws once discovered were not negatived, but merged in more comprehensive laws. The theories once received were not set aside, but made subsidiary to larger generalizations and broader theories. Each generation of chemists from the middle ages downward has bequeathed its quota to the present advanced stage of the science, and the authority of each, legitimately founded and recognized, has borne an essential part in its progress.

Now, suppose that one of the graduating class, determined to become an adept in chemistry, were to plant himself in the attitude assumed in our day by those who deem themselves the advanced thinkers in morals and religion, and to say, "I abjure all authority. I can take no traditional theories on trust. I have the same implements of investigation that my predecessors had, — as good hands, brain, intellect as they, and the same limitless field of exploration spread out before me. I will believe nothing that I have not tested and verified for myself; nor will I pay even sufficient respect to the beliefs of other men, to give them a foremost

place in my experiments, or provisional credence till I have proved their falsity." I need not say what the result would be. He might labor through a long lifetime, and would then die as good a chemist as Adam was in his seventieth or eightieth year.

It may be given to some of you, who have studied earnestly and lovingly in the laboratory, to enlarge essentially the bounds of human knowledge in your chosen department. If so, how will you do it? By receiving on authority what is already known; by working upon the basis of antecedent discoveries. These discoveries you will indeed incidentally verify; that knowledge you will confirm by your own experiments; yet your aim will be, not verification, but a deeper research, a more probing analysis, which you can make hopefully and successfully only as you take your stand on well-established authority.

You may say, however, "I yield to authority in these matters of science; because it is concerned merely with human experiments and discoveries; and what one man has found out or learned, another man may believe." Very true. But does it make any difference how he has found it out, or learned it? A chemical revelation is at least conceivable, if not probable. Suppose that, in the utter ignorance that prevailed in the fifteenth century, there had suddenly come forth men who proclaimed, as fundamental truths, the precise laws of chemical combination and action that are recognized now; suppose that these men had averred that the laws they promulgated were made known to them by the Supreme Author of nature; suppose that, from that period to this, the laws thus proclaimed had been in a thousand ways verified, in not a single particular disproved by subsequent observation and experiment, — would they rest on a less firm basis of authority than they do now? Manifestly, no. You would justly say, "God is amply competent to teach men chemistry. Whether it was antecedently probable that he would do so, it is not for us to discuss, when confronted by facts that prove the affirmative. The sudden outblossoming of knowledge from gross ignorance — in itself a miracle — renders it not merely probable, but absolutely certain."

We thus see that this science, and by parity of reason every science, rests on a constantly growing substructure of authority, and that there is no intrinsic impossibility that this substructure, instead of growing by slow accretions, might have been built at

any one epoch by the immediate agency of that Supreme Being, who has seen fit to employ in building it successive generations of scientific men.

Let us now turn our attention to the department of morals. Independently of authority, man is irresistibly led to try all kinds of moral experiments. He is an aggregate of appetites, proclivities, passions, both good and evil, and whichever of these is paramount for the time being craves its own gratification as essential to the happiness of the moment. To be sure, in our Christian theories, conscience is supreme among the moral faculties. But if it be so (which I do not by any means doubt), it is yet, without special training, far from being the first to assert supremacy. The lower appetites have so far the precedence of it as to check and dwarf its growth. In any non-Christian community the proportion of those in whom it bears sway is infinitesimally small.

In this condition of things, results, retributive consequences, are man's only moral teachers. One may indulge an appetite or a passion till he has exhausted its power of giving him pleasure, till it begins to ply its scourge and inflict its torment; and then he first becomes aware that he has tried a false experiment. But even then there is small probability that he will make his next experiment in a virtuous direction; for his career of self-indulgence has deadened conscience, and rendered him impervious to the attractions of virtue. If he has self-command enough to stop on the precipitous path to utter ruin, he resorts to a safer, slower vice, which first gratifies, then satiates, then torments him. Only in late old age, after a series of fruitless experiments, when appetite and passion have lost their vitality, and the world has nothing more to offer him, does he begin to perceive that there was a surer way to happiness in purity, integrity, and kindness.

But why are not the results of cumulative experience, as in science so in morals, adequate authority for new generations? For two reasons. First, the pursuit of science enlarges and exalts a man's intellectual nature, attaches weight to his testimony, and endows him with an authority which his fellow-men are not slow to acknowledge; while vice weakens and degrades a man, makes him contemptible, and takes from him all semblance of authority. Secondly, there is no native tendency hostile to scientific truth,

no appetency for error, no inward protest against established laws and dominant theories, but it is only the thirst for knowledge and a cordial readiness to welcome it from all legitimate sources that bring one into the field of science ; while there are in the lower nature strong antagonistic forces against virtue.

For these reasons the cumulative moral experience of our race, for the first four thousand years or more of the world's history, had no appreciable influence on the moral beliefs of mankind at large. From the earliest ages to the Christian era there had been no essential progress in practical ethics. Before, and at that era, the more cultivated nations had successively attained, in luxury, art, and literature, a refinement and perfectness, which more recent times have in vain essayed to reach. But lower depravity than pervaded all classes and conditions of people can never have existed upon the earth ; and men who in all other respects were highly enlightened knew not that it was depravity. Nothing is more astonishing than the perfect naïveté with which the writers of the Augustan age — not only the lyric poets, from whom a certain measure of license might have been expected, but men of the most approved gravity and decency — recognize, as entirely consistent with respectability, forms of immorality so foul and infamous as to have passed out of the speech and knowledge of Christendom.

The only portion of mankind that then owned any authority in morals was the Jewish race ; and I might show you that however far they had fallen below their own standard, yet, as compared with the nations of far superior culture with which they were brought in contact, they were immeasurably more virtuous ; that they were never addicted to the most degrading vices ; and that some right things were habitually done, and some wrong things habitually abstained from, solely on authority which they believed Divine.

But now appeared a Being, who is reported to have taught and lived moral perfection ; whose words were received as from God ; whose life was regarded as a transcript of the Divine purity and beauty. He claimed authority, and his authority has been recognized till now by all the greatly good men who have since lived. We know not a single instance in which his precepts have failed on trial by the test of consciousness ; in which obedience to him

has had any other than a beneficent result. Moreover, — what was not the case previously, — there has been moral progress within the last two thousand years. Yet, when we analyze it, we hardly know whether to call it progress; for it has consisted solely in the enucleating of principles, or the drawing of inevitable inferences from his words and his life, and embodying those principles or applying those inferences in the state, the community, the family, or the personal conduct of individuals. It is by virtue of his authority that so many of the wrongs and evils that lay heavily upon humanity have been removed; and that, with all the faults and sins that we lament, there yet is recognized a pure and lofty standard of right, by which men acquit or condemn themselves and others. We see, too, that there is opened within the scope of this authority a field for moral progress, to our finite vision unlimited. There are many departments of life that yet await the application of Christian morality, and many more in which this application is but imperfectly made.

Moreover, we cannot look beyond these principles. We can conceive of nothing higher. Those who disown their authority do not charge them with imperfection, do not deny their intrinsic excellence, but maintain that they are too good, that they restrain man's propensities too rigidly, and impose heavier obligations than it is convenient for him to bear. I want to emphasize this point: Christian morality is never objected to on the ground of its faultiness, but solely because it is better than men need.

My young friends, you will encounter those who deny all authority in morals, who promulgate such precepts as, Obey your impulses, Follow your instincts, Do what seems right in your own eyes, as the sum and substance of morality. Let me submit to you whether, on the very grounds on which you yield to authority in science, you are not bound to yield to it in the conduct of life. In the promulgation of a morality that has not yet needed revision, by one who seemed a provincial peasant, in a corrupt age, and in a nation at best narrow, bigoted, and formalistic, — even were there not the outward attestation claimed in the record, — you have an intensely strong probability that these rules of duty came, not from human brain, but from the Omniscient Mind; in fact, the very same probability which you would own, were a science to spring thus from nothingness to maturity. You have the concurrent

experience of good men and of bad men, in attestation of the perfectness of this morality, and not a single experience of a good man or a bad man which casts doubt on any one of its precepts. Will you not, then, find it the part of wisdom to make trial of it?

I do not apprehend for such as listen seriously to my appeal any very broad departure, at the outset, from the Christian rule of right. But in every direction you may find respectable custom, nay, even respectable opinion and advice, in favor of a little broader license than Jesus Christ would allow, a somewhat freer indulgence, a somewhat less rigid adherence to fixed principles, a somewhat looser construction of the canons of Christian soberness, purity, or integrity, and, above all, the throwing off of every restraint from outside rule or law, and being a law to yourselves. What I most dread for you is the tendency of this divergence, however slight it may appear, to grow rapidly. You know how rapidly the sides of the very smallest acute angle diverge. It is precisely so in morals. These differences, which seem to need a spiritual micrometer to measure them, broaden amazingly fast, and if you start a very little less or other than Christian in your moral habits, by the time you come to yourself and take account of your position, you will find that you have made a most appalling departure, and belong to an entirely different school. In that case I have no doubt you will be conscious of having made a very fearful, perhaps a fatal, mistake, — perhaps fatal; for when you see what you ought to have been, you may lack the moral strength for your recovery.

Authority and experience are in morals your Prometheus and your Epimetheus, — the former lighting the path before you with fire from heaven; the latter shedding light only on the steps which you cannot retrace. I feel the fullest assurance that, if you live long enough, you will reach in this world, at all events in the world to come, the conclusion of the author of Ecclesiastes: "Fear God and keep his commandments; this is the whole duty of man." But I pray that you may not reach it, as he did, by exhausting all other experiments. I would give you, as my parting charge, that you start where otherwise you must land; that you make your first experiments in the line indicated by that verse of our hymn, which condenses the sum of all practical wisdom, and embraces the entire substance of ethical philosophy: —

“ Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern given ;
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heaven.”

These steps, my friends, are well-tried steps ; that path is a well-worn road. Your Saviour trod it with bleeding feet ; but from every drop of his precious blood there has sprung up, instead of the thorn the fir-tree, instead of the briar the myrtle, and you will find it a way of sacred peace and abounding joy.

I would now speak of authority in religion. Here, too, you will find that, independently of authority, there has been no progress. I have been greatly impressed by the reports of the lectures delivered in Boston during the last winter by the apostles of free religion. No two have agreed, and several of the lectures have been devoted to the formal refutation of those that have preceded them. The lecturers are sure of nothing, not even of the existence of a personal God, not even of individual immortality. I am impressed, also, by the air of venerable antiquity which their speculations have borne. Their range has been between Plato and Lucretius. Some of them reach Plato's almost pure theism, about which yet hangs a pantheistic haze, — the Deity only semi-detached from the coeternal universe, of which he is not the Creator Spirit, but the developed soul, to be admired rather than worshipped, — at best far short of the eternal Father, the universal Providence, the Recipient of our prayers, the loving Arbiter of our destiny in all time and in all worlds. Others, with Lucretius, behold in the universe only the seething concourse and self-combining nîsus of primitive atoms, and are ready to say with him, “ Ignorance of causes constrains men to submit things to the empire of the gods, and to make over the kingdom to them. The works whose causes they can in no wise discern, they imagine are wrought by Divine power.”

Beyond these limits individual man cannot pass, life is so short, and the universe so vast ; while, if authority be repudiated, every man must begin anew, and must work out for himself the immense and numberless problems of creation, being, life, death, an eternal past, an eternal future.

I do not ask you, my young friends, to commit yourselves absolutely and unconditionally even to the authority which I deem

Divine. But one of two things you must do: you must take on authority some theory as the starting-point and resting-point for your inquiries; or else you must plunge into the swirling vortex of unfathomable mysteries, without sun, stars, chart, or compass; and in this case you will be a strong and a brave man, if in the lapse of a long lifetime you reach even a pronounced atheism, still more, an embryo theism. You will start, nay, you are resting now, on some authority in religion. You are either quietly reposing on one of the last statements of rationalism, theism, or atheism, — on the authority of some brilliant lecture or article, which, with epigrammatic terseness, or with arguments that assume all that they prove, or with Delphic aphorisms that have a sublime afflatus, but no reasoning, has swept away all the phantasms of Christian faith and reverence; or else you have planted yourselves on the authority of Him who claimed to utter and manifest on earth divine and eternal truth. You, of course, cannot pretend to have studied these subjects thoroughly yourselves, though I trust you will. Meanwhile, as I said, you are taking your belief on authority. Shall it not, then, be on an authority which has the sanction of generations and ages of the wise and the good; to which almost all the great minds of the last eighteen centuries have yielded assent; and, above all, to which those whose mental vision has been purged and clarified by transcendent moral excellence, have rendered their unanimous homage?

You have, indeed, heard superficial objections against Christianity. They are superficial, though imposing; and you therefore hear them in the street, and the railway car, and the club-room. Objections that seem to you not superficial, but profound and radical, are also urged, as if they were the growth of the latest wisdom, the advanced philosophy, the larger scientific generalizations of the nineteenth century, unanswered and unanswerable. They are by no means the novelties they seem. Many of them are old both in form and in substance, and those that are new in form are old in substance. It is not by ignoring them that intelligent and strong-minded Christians have preserved their faith. They have looked them full in the face, have admitted their entire force, and, in despite of them, have still found an immense preponderance of external proof, and above all of internal evidence, in behalf of the Divine authority of Jesus Christ. There are no firmer believers

than those who are the most familiar with all the newest phases of scepticism and unbelief.

All that I ask of you is to give Christianity, in your minds, the benefit of the prescriptive authority which entitles it to precedency before all other beliefs, till you have patiently sifted its evidences, examined its witnesses, confronted it with adverse reasonings, and decided upon its claims with the seriousness which befits an affair of such vital moment. Christianity has a right to this prescription. True or false, it has been the most beneficent agency in the world's history. It lies at the basis of our whole modern civilization. It has been illustrated by the greatest names in the annals of our race. It is identified with every form of philanthropy, with every stage of human progress, with all that makes home happy, sacred, and blessed, with all free institutions, with the noblest heroism, with the most generous self-sacrifice. It has for every one of you the holiest associations, with the living, the most precious memories of the dead. Think, too, what it assures to you, if it be true, — the love of the eternal Father; the guardianship of a watchful Providence; the aid of Omnipotence in duty; the forgiveness of the sins of which you cannot but be conscious; the tender sympathy of Him who is at once the incarnate power and love of God, and your brother in conflict, trial, and temptation; an immortality based not on doubtful speculation, but on substantial evidence; the pledge of heavenly blessedness as the certain issue of a faithful and obedient life. What in comparison with this is offered you by any other form of belief or non-belief? Oh, if you have any self-love, you will not suffer yourselves to be cajoled out of this faith by any mere parade of objections or counter-arguments. You will try the foundations on which the piety of ages has rested, on which successive generations of believers have built in the strength and beauty of holiness; and I know that you will find them firm as the throne of God.

My friends, in my pleasant and happy relations with you, I have enjoyed nothing so much as the privilege of leading you, at the commencement and the close of your course, in the survey of the grounds on which our Christian faith presents itself for your profound reverence, your cordial reception, the homage of your hearts, and the consecration of your lives. If I have aided any of you in the establishment of this faith, my gladness and grati-

tude are beyond my power of utterance. Let me earnestly commend to you the Gospel of Jesus Christ as your guide, your hope, your joy. On your several careers you have, each and all of you, my most fervent good wishes for your success, usefulness, and eminence. But I pray, more than for all else, that you may have success in your high calling as Christians ; usefulness through the example and influence of pure and holy lives ; the eminence which God bestows on his chosen ones, which Jesus will pronounce, when he says, " Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

BACCALAUREATE HYMN.

Air, — "Christmas." Hymn Book, page 112.

O FATHER, who with tender care
Hast brought us on our way,
To where the parting footpaths are,
Hear Thou our prayer to-day.

O Father, bless us ; may Thy arms
Uphold us here below.
On Thee relying may we do
Our work, nor weakness know.

We have been brothers in the past,
And may we cherish still
That sacred name, a common bond
To do in all Thy will ;

To live determined not in vain
Life's journey to have trod ;
To be true brothers more and more,
And more true sons of God.

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES.

JUNE 24, 1870.

Order of Exercises.

I.

Music.

II.

Prayer.

By REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D.,

III.

Music.

IV.

Oration.

By ROGER WOLCOTT,

Of Boston, Mass.

V.

Poem.

By JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY,

Of Cambridge, Mass.

VI.

Dev.

By CHARLES CROOKE EMOTT,

Of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

AGE, we are told, lives in the Past. Youth, we feel, lives in the Future. To-morrow, not yesterday, invites the young. And thus it is that our thoughts to-day are fixed not upon the life of which we now take leave, but upon that which still lies before us.

Hereafter, indeed, will the recollection of our college days be the pleasure-garden in which our wearied thoughts will keep their holiday. Often and tenderly, in future years, will Memory wander back to these scenes; and a little sadly, perhaps, will she recall to our minds the hearty voice and manly face of friend, the cosy fireside or the shaded window-seat, and the thousand incidents of college experience, which may now, indeed, seem trivial, but which the magic finger of Time will invest with new charm and significance.

Of our instructors we shall ever think with gratitude and respect. Hereafter we shall see, more clearly than now, what devoted labor and patience have been rewarded too often with antagonism or indifference. Scarcely can we hope yet fully to realize the magnitude of the debt which we owe them; but the day will come when their names will be recognized as worthy of all the honor which we can bestow upon them.

With what just pride, too, shall we look back upon the record which our class will leave behind it, — a record of steady, vigorous effort, and proportionate success. Of our exploits at the bat and oar the story may, indeed, briefly be told; yet it is not one which we need blush to narrate. In scholarship we point to the unprecedented number who have attained the very highest honors of the University, and we have not less reason to be proud of them as men than as scholars. But, even while we think thus complacently of our history up to the present time, no one of us but

feels that the battle is yet unfought, and the victory still to be won, which shall prove 'Seventy's claim to the honored place among past and future classes to which we so fondly aspire.

Our look back is altogether a pleasant one. And yet it is not upon the Past that we would dwell to-day. Although, too, there is much in the scene which this day meets our eyes to tempt us to abandon ourselves to the mere enjoyment of the moment, yet, strive as we may, we cannot close our eyes upon the earnestness of the life-struggle which awaits us, when, for the last time, we shall have passed out over this threshold, once more to clasp hand in hand under the old trees, and then to part "never so to meet again." We find ourselves to-day turning our backs upon the time gone by, and gazing forward,—confidently some, anxiously others, but all, I think, courageously and hopefully,—peering hand over brow into the dim uncertainty of the new life upon which we are so soon to enter, each striving to conjecture what lot the Fates may have in store for him.

The smile upon our lips is but the ripple on the surface of the deep under-current of our thoughts which flow on undisturbed in the channel to which they seem to-day instinctively to tend. The time has come when we must take upon ourselves the burden of thought and the yoke of duty. We feel the responsibilities of manhood as never before. We hear the voices of the Past and of the Future, calling upon us to stand firm in the ranks in which God has placed us, to quit us like men, to be strong. And although it is in the nature of youth—thank God for it!—to go forth into the world, fearless and trustful, with head erect and unfaltering step, yet the boldest of us can ill afford to neglect any wisdom which the experience of others may supply, or refuse to listen to any warning which the lives of those who have preceded us may suggest.

Failures to *achieve* are palpable, and in most cases it requires no very profound sagacity to point out their causes. It is not of them that I would speak. But there are other failures, equally common, equally disastrous, but, from their very nature, far more likely to escape our notice. I know not how better to designate them than as failures to *retain*. "Every man," says Coleridge, "should include all his former selves in his present, as a tree has

its former years' growth inside its last." As in the tree, so in man, addition, not substitution, is the law of growth. Retain all that you have, continue all that you are, and then bend all your energies to acquire new material and so to attain a fuller development. Do not replace, but accumulate. Each period of man's life is marked by characteristic qualities, all equally essential to true symmetry of character; and he who would attain the full stature of manhood can do without no one of them. He must retain them all; must bear along with him to the mature wisdom of age, the warm, sympathetic heart of childhood, the confidence of youth, and the vigorous will of early manhood. As year by year the outer circles of increased wisdom, knowledge, or sagacity are added, the early growth indeed becomes no longer visible, but none the less does it strengthen and support the entire frame. The Heart-wood must be within, sound and firm, or the after-growth, however imposing to the eye, will add but little value to the worthless stem.

I might indeed expose myself to the charge of presumption, should I seek in any way to dictate what ought henceforth to be the object of our ambition and pursuit; of that each must judge for himself. Our aims in life will be as varied as the degrees of success which will crown our efforts. But this charge at least I may hope to escape, if I speak not of what we are to strive to obtain, but of what we already have,— of a possession, the loss of which, though we might gain the whole world beside, would leave us poor indeed.

I mean this Heart-wood, — the central, most perfected part of our being. To have retained this through life in all its early vigor, to fall at length, sound to the core, however the exterior may be frayed by tempest or decay, — this, surely, is no unworthy end for a man. Nor can it be achieved without effort strenuous and constant. The tendency of worldly experience is to prompt us to enthroned intellect as lord, and to make character the vassal. This tendency we cannot resist with too great vigilance. The head and heart are peers, and neither can be exalted without debasing the other. The intellectual faculties we must improve, develop, strengthen; the heart we can only strive to cherish and protect.

Foremost among those qualities of the heart which we to-day possess as young men, and which I trust we may carry with us to the grave, be our lives long or short, I would place Enthusiasm, — the *God-in-us* of the ancient Greeks. To many the word enthusiasm implies fanaticism, an unreasoning, bigoted adherence to extreme opinions; but no such meaning inheres in the original significance of the word. Enthusiasm is of the heart, not of the head. It is a means, not an end. It is a tool given us with which to work, — a tool which we shall do well to guard from rust, — a talent which we must not wrap up in a napkin. Enthusiasm is the quality through which a man does with his might whatever his hand and his head find to do. It is because it is so often applied to ignoble uses, because what the head finds to do might so often better be left undone, that we grow to regard it with suspicion and distrust.

The same steam which impels the ship in safety from continent to continent, if Folly instead of Wisdom stand at the helm, will drive the vessel headlong upon the rocks. So is it in the voyage of life. We have that within us which enables us to dash aside the waves of opposition and disappointment, to laugh at the winds of popular favor or censure, and so to hold an unswerving course towards our chosen destination. But the hand which grasps the wheel must be a steady one, and the needle by which we steer must point unwavering towards the pole.

How true the German proverb, “To the earnest belongs the world”! Yes, labor alone, however untiring, will not ensure success, will never lead to eminence. It must be quickened by enthusiasm earnest and hearty. It is this which transforms drudgery into invigorating exercise, which beautifies the meanest occupation, and makes smooth the roughest way.

It is to secure this vital principle, this intentness of resolve and action, that we so often hear of the necessity of infusing young blood into the councils of the old. The increasing burden of years seems to drag heavily upon the heart, and to threaten constantly to stifle its beatings. Men are too often petrified by the slow-dropping mists of experience laden with disappointment and failure, and ever the heart hardens first. Listlessness and indifference take the place of earnestness and vigor. That baleful apathy, which Ruskin calls the greatest mystery of life, settles

down upon the soul, deadening and destroying. The man forgets his youth's ideal, lowers his aspirations to the attainment of mediocrity, and sinks, often with scarce a struggle, to the dead level which is so marked a characteristic of the time. He who escapes this danger is the man in whose breast the sacred flame still ~~flows~~, who pursues the nobler aims of his riper years with the same exuberance of vitality, with the same abandonment of self, with which, as a child, he gave chase to the butterfly fancies of the hour.

This inner force, this energy of will, should not, indeed, always be apparent save in its results. Mock enthusiasm is as repulsive as it is absurd. Pent-up energy we regard with more confidence than that from which there is a constant leakage. The presence of true enthusiasm is detected, not by extravagant words, but by vigorous action. The man who possesses it draws the world after him, as the moon heaps up the billows of the ocean. Power of intellect, unless accompanied by glow of heart, will no more take by storm public opinion than cannon-balls, without powder, could have shattered the walls of Sumter. To the repose of self-satisfied mediocrity enthusiasm may indeed be fatal. But the air we breathe is not more necessary to sustain life than is enthusiasm to the execution of high resolve. The man who does work in the world, who leaves his mark upon his century, must ever be the man of enthusiasm ; it is he alone who is the

“Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to labor, sure to conquer.”

Such is the part the heart may play in action. In thought, in the formation of our opinions, its function is not a less important one. But here, also, it is too frequently looked upon with distrust and contempt. For this, however, it is not difficult to assign a cause. In youth we carry every disputed question direct to the tribunal of the heart. But, ere long, we learn to our cost that we have appealed to a judge, alike above bribery and intimidation, whose decisions too often run counter to our wishes, and if acted upon, would expose us to the derision of all the respectable wise-heads of the world. Very fools should we be if we obeyed its dictates ; they would lead us into all manner of folly and trouble. We should constantly find ourselves in all innocence flaunting a

red rag in the very face of society, and enraged society would mercilessly toss us upon its horns.

What wonder, then, that we exultantly clasp to our breast so true a friend as the reason? — a friend whose good sense we can rely upon never to give us advice hostile to our wishes; never to urge us to an action which is distasteful, or which would rudely break in upon our comfortable indolence. For the intellect is not slow in bringing forward arguments or excuses for any line of conduct, active or passive. The murderer can refer his accusers to the laws of fatalism; the robber can plead the theory of community of property; and the worthless drone in the world's busy hive can easily reason himself into atheism, and so deny the existence of any moral obligation to exertion. But the heart in every such case gives but one answer. We may disregard it, we may refuse to listen; but we must look elsewhere than to it for either encouragement or justification. All honor to the intellect in its proper sphere! To depreciate its dignity would be presumption indeed. It is through his intellect that man is but little lower than the angels; but it is by his heart that he partakes of the nature of God.

We must not indeed always obey implicitly the eager promptings of the heart. Its counsel must be honestly examined in the light of reason; not infrequently it may fail to sustain the test. We must expect that our riper judgment will dash to the ground not a few of the idols in our youth's hero-gallery. But when we really find that to be painted plaster which we had believed to be marble, the danger is, not that the heart will refuse to credit the evidence of the senses, but that the reason, under cover of the dust-cloud which it has raised, will sweep away both genuine and false, and of our fond hero-worship leave nothing but the memory behind.

This I conceive to be one of the most dangerous tendencies which we shall have to encounter as we grow older. It is one, indeed, to which we have already in part been exposed: the tendency to scepticism, to lose our youth's faith; faith in the goodness of God, in the nobility of man, in our own rich possibilities. Few men at fifty feel that admiring heart-glow at a noble action, which at fifteen burned so warm in their breast. It is because at fifty men have generally acquired sufficient of this world's wisdom to detect, as they think, the mask of Hypocrisy on the face of

Virtue herself, to suspect Generosity of calculation, and Heroism of playing his tricks to catch the plaudits of Fame.

When once our faith in other men's virtue is lost, it is no wonder if we make no advance in virtue ourselves. "If we meet no gods," says Emerson, "it is because we harbor none." There must be that within us which claims kindred with the nobility of others, or the magnet of their influence will be to us no more than a piece of bent iron. Distrust of the motives of others is often tantamount to a confession of the insincerity of one's own. Cynicism, like the mistletoe, saps the very life of that on which it fastens. A reputation for profound sagacity can, indeed, easily be earned by the judicious use of sneers and shrugs. Habitual incredulity is thought to betoken superior wisdom. Yet this enviable reputation may serve only to alienate the affections of one's fellow-men. For if, as has been said, the whole world loves the lover, the reverse is not less true, that in its heart the world abhors and scorns the professed scorner.

This spirit of scepticism seems more rife in the present time than at any past period in the world's history. It is an "age that blots out life with question-marks;" that kills faith in order to demonstrate that faith is mortal, and in the crimson cloud of sunset can see only the drizzling mist of the morrow. It is an age that has used its giant-strength too much in plucking the weeds out of the world's harvest-field of thought. Doubtless many tares have been rooted out, but it is to be feared that not a few stalks of golden wheat have been torn up with them.

The old Arabian chroniclers record an inscription, graven, as they assert, upon those grandest relics of antiquity which alone of man's works seem to be imperishable: "I, Surid, the king, have built these pyramids, and have finished them in sixty years. Let him who comes after me, and imagines himself a king like me, attempt to destroy them in six hundred. To destroy is easier than to build. I have clothed them with silk; let him try to cover them with mats." It would seem that the Present had indeed accepted this haughty challenge of the Past, and was resolved to leave no stone upon another lest some undetected fraud might lurk in the mortar which joins them; had stripped the monuments of antiquity of the gay colors with which an earlier faith had invested them, and cast over all the dull mantle of its own scepticism.

Yes, it *is* easier to destroy than to build, easier to detect disease than to restore health, easier to criticise action than to act; and it is for this reason that the temptation is so strong to take up the dissector's knife and the critic's pen.

Do not think that I would exclude from any department of knowledge or belief the spirit of honest inquiry. The sincere search after truth we, especially, of this University, should ever strive to assist. But it is when self-interest allures us from our original path, when we let slip from our memory Harvard's grand old motto "*Veritas*," and wander farther and farther from the influence of that force which can alone through life draw us onward and upward,—it is then that the heart only can set us right. It is the heart we must trust *then*, not the head. The head will not help us; it will argue very plausibly, may entangle the judgment in its sophistries, and we may be unable to detect a flaw in the reasoning. But the heart will then see more clearly than does the head; and its strong faith will transcend the specious fallacies of the intellect. It is to crises like this that Tennyson refers in his noblest tribute to departed friendship:—

“ If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, ‘ Believe no more,’
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A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, ‘ I have felt.’ ”

Errors of judgment are not fatal; we are all liable to them, and the most fortunate among us have not a few to look back upon. But loss of faith, the loving faith of the heart, is fatal to any man. Faith elevates and ennobles the mind, and the loss of it is the death of true virtue, the end of true happiness.

I have endeavored to define the nature and scope of the influence which the heart should exert in the field both of action and of thought. I have said that as we advance in life the importance of this influence is too often ignored, and have urged a determined resistance to this tendency. But in speaking of the enthusiasm which is essential to successful action I have made no reference to the aims of that action; nor, in treating of the faith, without

which stability of mind is impossible, have I considered the objects, material or ideal, over which the heart breathes its spell of love. Let me now attempt to illustrate my meaning still further by selecting some special instance in which these qualities have been so exerted as to command our gratitude and respect.

Such an instance I find in the history of patriotism from the earliest times to our own day. Patriotism is pre-eminently a sentiment of the heart. Among the thousands whose noble forms we dimly discern through the darkness of the past did one, think you, reason himself into the act which made his name immortal and his country free? In our own history was it calculation of interest that prompted the infant colonies, with their scattered population of three millions, to brave the might of Great Britain? Or, to come down to our own times, was it not the national heart that fought the battles of our late war, hoped on in spite of defeat, still believed in the possibility of an unmutilated country, and so carried through to a successful result an attempt which the judgment alone might have been justified in condemning as chimerical and vain? While Age — I speak it reverently, and in the most general terms — while Age was ringing changes on the blessings of Peace, was hinting at compromise with Dishonor, and concession to red-handed Rebellion, Youth was hurrying to enroll itself under the national banner, was making the death-march through Baltimore, and manning the forts about Washington.

Perhaps, classmates, I do you wrong in venturing to call to your attention a subject which must be so fresh in the minds of all. Young as we are, we have lived in grand and stirring times. Scarce one of us but has felt the blood tingle with a sensation never before experienced, when, at the drum-beat, as if by enchantment, the hero stood forth in the person of father, brother, friend. Who does not remember the hurried parting, the anxious days of doubt, the joyous return? Or, perchance, to some of us a treasured sword or musket, and a proud though heart-rending memory, may alone remain as talismans of blessed influence for our future lives.

Strange, indeed, would it be if we allowed ourselves to forget the force of their glorious example. And yet can we deny that there is a wide-spread danger throughout the country that this will

be the case? Money has again become a rival with Honor for the foremost place in the nation's regard. Oblivion of the Past is deemed the only security of the Present. In our eagerness to heal the wound, we forget the cause in which it was inflicted. With some so strong seems the desire to burn out the seeds of bitterness in the South, that they would gladly sacrifice the very head-boards of our Northern soldiers to kindle the blaze. But, fortunately, a counter-influence, silent but effective, is at work.

Why has the nation set apart a day in the sunny spring-time to deck with flowers and garlands the graves of our fallen soldiers throughout the land? Is it with the thought of honoring the dead that this is done? I think not. Earthly flowers, however fair, laid upon cold marble or senseless sod, can hardly be thought to bestow much of honor on those upon whose brows the hand of God has placed the immortal wreath. It is, as I think, that in the stillness of the cemetery we may hear with more distinctness than in the daily turmoil of our busy lives, that "voice that cometh from behind," from the grave of the buried Past, from the spirits of the noble dead, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it," — the way of devotion to country and to principle, the way of hardship and self-sacrifice, the way of life through death.

It is for a kindred purpose that in yonder old play-ground the foundations have been laid of a stately structure to stand a lasting memorial to the sons of this University, who gave their lives to ensure their country's salvation. Is it for their sake that the trowel and hammer are so busily plied, where once the click of the bat and the shout of the players startled the echoes from the neighboring chapel? Let us not deceive ourselves. It is for us; for the hundreds who yearly pass from these gates to carry the ideas which they have here acquired to their distant homes. Well may the heart beat with a quicker pulse, and the soul be thrilled with noble sentiments, within walls hallowed by such sacred memories! If at any time indifference and an almost pardonable disgust tempt us to leave undone the little which individual effort may do to rescue our national politics from corruption, must not the thought flash into our minds of the heroism here commemorated? We, perhaps, may find it irksome even to cast a vote for what we believe to be our country's good;

“ But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they *died* for her.”

Nothing can ensure the success of the great experiment which is here trying, nothing can enable us to preserve our national existence, save the intelligence, integrity, and loyalty of the educated classes. The dangers which threaten us are great and constant. If intelligence stands aloof we are lost. No educated man is justified in shrinking from the responsibility which is thrust upon him, nor is it possible for any American citizen to wash his hands of his country. There is no such thing as neutrality in citizenship. He who is not with his country is against her. The absence of a vote from the side of intelligence adds a new sinew to the arm of ignorance, which is ever raised menacingly against the nation's honor and security.

Our duty, then, to our country is positive and grave. If we discharge it with the full-hearted loyalty displayed by those who have gone before us, we may rest assured that no laurel which we can bind about the brow of our Alma Mater will she wear with more pride than that won in maintaining the dignity and honor of the Republic. On the other hand, if we neglect this duty, in so doing we disregard the example of the Past, the demand of the Present, and the entreaty of the Future.

Think not, classmates, that it is a small thing for a man to retain until the evening of life the enthusiasm, faith, and loyalty of youth. They are not like showy garments, early to be laid aside for the more decorous black of age. They are not mere jewelled dew-drops, which disappear in the glare and dust of noon. Rather are they to be likened to those hidden springs whose waters make the turf above burst forth into graceful flower and stately tree. Strength and beauty alike spring from their influence. Would you retain your college friendships? Would you preserve unsevered beyond to-day the union of hearts which now seems indissoluble? So live, that when in after life your hand once more grasps the hand of friend, he may see the soul of the boy looking forth from the eyes of the man; that he may feel that you are still the same, — not changed, but *grown*.

Classmates, brothers, we must now part. Nor would we loiter longer, even though we might. Cowardice, hesitation, are not, thank God, the faults of youth. The thought of failure enters not our minds to-day. Full well, indeed, do we know that danger lurks in the path before us ; yet, as we cannot escape it, eagerly we would press on to encounter and overcome it. We do not forget that labor and trial await us ; but our muscles are strong, our courage firm, and for to-day at least we fear them not.

Let us advance, then,

“ with the rays
Of morn on our white shields of Expectation,”

with Memory, Hope, and Friendship to encourage and cheer us, strong in the warm heart and generous trust of youth, and, come what will, disaster, though it crush, shall never daunt us.

P O E M .

FLING out your banners ! open wide the gates !
The strife is o'er, — the triumphs all are won ;
Oh, greet with joy the day that celebrates
The old life ended and the new begun.

Roll on, bright hours ! like stars across the sky,
Clear beacon-lights in retrospection's view ;
Varying the plane of life's monotony,
And sparkling in the dull expanse of blue.
These are the hours that, radiant to the last,
When Memory casts her doubtful glance behind,
Through clouds and mist o'ershadowing the Past,
Come flashing forth to meet the uncertain mind.

An eastern window, in some ancient hall,
Stands in its mullions heavily encased ;
Its purpled pane, upon the time-scarred wall,
Peeps out from foliate carving richly traced ;
And with the deepened color glows,
The western sky at evening shows.
Beneath it lies a garland fair,
Adorned with varied hues,
In sweet disorder mingling there,
Fresh with the morning dews.
Athwart the casement steals the sun,
And bears its mellowed color down ;
It crosses silent and alone
The uninviting floor ;
It falls upon the blooming crown,
And fondly floods it o'er,

With borrowed radiance, our warm sunset tone,
For the luxurious tints it had before.

So we, chance-gathered, by our Mother's hand,
For aye encircled in a chaplet bright,
In youthful freshness of life's morning stand,
And shine the fairer from reflected light.
The mental sunbeam, that could only blind,
In undimmed splendor glorious displayed,
Falls uniformly on the ready mind ;
But softened, tinged with old-world light and shade,
Aslant, through mediæval dyes that never fade.

'Tis well that we, with yet unblunted sense,
And quick perceptions fresh in all their youth,
Receive this twofold solar influence,
The light of Knowledge, and the force of Truth.
Away, then, sadness ! all your feeling merge
In the glad pleasure that the hours bring ;
Let joyous pæans drown the funeral dirge,
Till in one breath the happy air shall ring :
" The King is dead ; " and now, " Long live the King !

As among those happy mortals,
Living by the daylight's portals,
Lands with orient splendors bright ;
Evermore their sons and daughters,
Diving 'neath the restless waters,
Bring the fairest pearls to light :
So upon this Class-Day morning,
Beauty's smiles our halls adorning,
Brothers, classmates, let us dive
Down beneath the tossing ocean,
All the whirl of life's commotion,
And to gather, let us strive,
Pearls of thought, perchance which be
At the bottom of the sea.

Who tells me friendship's but a name,
A passing thought, a transient flame?

That those I love to call my friends,
 And dare to hope are true,
 Would cherish me for selfish ends,
 Then leave for others new, —
 Like gardens men will wander in
 When all is fresh and fair ;
 But when the sun has ceased to shine,
 Would leave forlorn and bare.
 If such the teaching man must get,
 We have not learned the lesson yet.
 If wisdom tell us friends are lies,
 'Twere worse than foolish to be wise.
 In happy ignorance we rest,
 By no foreboding cares oppressed ;
 Nor lose the present, ever free,
 And careless of what is to be.

'Tis good such sweet relief to find,
 From endless forcing of the mind ;
 From constant effort of the will,
 With souls but half in earnest still.
 Our intellects, as yet untaught,
 Need all the trainer's skill and thought ;
 And pressure firm to smooth away
 The roughened surface of their clay.
 Our hearts, self-taught, are only moved
 By loving and by being loved ;
 Like purest stream of molten gold,
 That fills each crevice of the mould.

Two fountains, welling up from distant hills,
 Pour out their silver tide in wandering rills ;
 Fate-led, both flow unconscious of their course,
 And leap exulting in resistless force :
 Till, joining currents, onward still they fly,
 One purer, mightier, vitality.

Not chance, but higher fates, control our ends,
 And bring together Heaven-appointed friends.

The want is felt, the man appears, unsought ;
 An impulse, sudden, mutual, free from thought,
 Leads each to seek the other's watchful care :
 For neither, separate, could seem half so fair.
 Colors seem not so beauteous alone,
 As blent by art in one more lustrous tone ;
 Not rosy-red, nor e'en celestial blue,
 But both commingling, make the royal hue.
 Union gives purity as well as might ;
 The rainbow-tints, combined, are perfect white ;
 All self is lost, all lower aims are gone,
 When two untainted lives are bound in one.

Beside these thoughts that from the eye,
 Like under-currents, hidden lie,
 Upon the surface of the stream,
 The rippling wavelets ever gleam ;
 And now harmonious, now in strife,
 Dash on transfused with joyous life.
 The every-day companionship,
 The kindly eye, the smiling lip ;
 The struggle not to fall behind,
 In field or hall, with arm or mind ;
 The nervous effort, common hope,
 The mighty foes with whom to cope ;
 Arouse the warm and glowing sense,
 Of life now doubly made intense.
 We need not ask to look within,
 Or deeper pleasures seek to win.
 The heart obtains, when over-full,
 An outlet safe from ridicule :
 Oppressed by griefs it longs to share,
 It speaks, — they vanish into air.
 For boyish trust, when not afraid
 Of finding confidence betrayed,
 Within our very souls innate,
 Needs not the force to stimulate,
 Of college firesides glowing bright,
 The comfort of the winter night ;

Or the mild radiance of the moon,
 Beneath the elms, leaf-clothed in June.
 Whose light, full poured on every part,
 Shows each the other's inmost heart.
 The Past, instinct with boyish life,
 With eager sport and eager strife ;
 The Present, full of perfect joy,
 Pleasure, unmixed, without alloy ;
 The Future, great with hopes and fears,
 And changeful views of coming years, —
 Like lights and shades the huntsman sees,
 Down half-lit aisles of forest trees ;
 Each tree an olive, palm, or bay,
 With foliage hung for garlands gay,
 Rewards of victory.

We talk of battles we must fight,
 For love, for honor, and the right ;
 Dreaming that fortune cannot frown,
 How we, too, hope to win our crown ;
 And how, when won, we'll find it place,
 On lovely brow, of lovelier face ;
 A coronal supremely fair,
 In setting bright of golden hair.

Some time, my friends, in years to come,
 Our truant hopes returning home,
 And early dreams obey the call,
 Of some chance sight or word let fall :
 At one familiar sound arise,
 Long trains of bygone memories ;
 And into life again shall start,
 The buried darlings of the heart.
 As at some note unheard for years,
 But ever ringing in our ears :
 One of those tones in whose deep soul,
 Whole worlds of silver sweetness roll, —
 Those minor chords which seem to be
 Snatches of heaven's harmony, —
 It brings upon the listener there,

Wearied by doubt, oppressed by care,
A loved and long-forgotten air.

Within us stirs a restless hope,
A yearning after broader scope,
For mind and body ; progress fast,
A future better than the past.
A keener sense of vital force
Thrills all along the life-blood's course ;
It swells the heart, dilates the breast,
Impatient of restraint and rest.
These powers, the wish unsatisfied,
And consciousness of strength untried,
Have led, in studies and in sports,
To stouter sinews, larger thoughts :
Beyond provincial rivalries,
The local contest, and the prize
Too often won, with bat or oar,
To distant climes, a foreign shore.
The record of last summer shows,
Of fields hard won from worthy foes ;
The nation's eyes reflecting shine
With brightest honors to the Nine.

In games the pledge is now made good,
So late in battle sealed with blood ;
That, to no section bound alone,
Fair Harvard is her country's own.

With more of fear than hope we gave
The contest at the lake,
To hands less tried, though strong and brave,
Their fortune yet to make.
They dipped their laurels in the wave,
And brought them home once more, —
Laurels they had not hoped to save, —
All fresher than before.

But higher aspirations rose,
And more ambitious hopes for those,

Whose pluck and spirit dared to face,
 A mighty old-world name ;
 Whose glory scorns a lesser place
 Than European fame.
 We hoped : but not in us alone,
 A fellow-feeling stirs ;
 We meant the cause should be our own ;
 The nation made it hers.
 For her of old our blood was shed,
 To us she'll still be true :
 She sought beside our Harvard red,
 To add the white and blue.
 We'll thank them for their courage stout ;
 And, classmates, let the cheers ring out.
 And who shall say our share was small,
 Our praises here unmeet,
 Our contribution less than all ;
 It filled the coxswain's seat.
 The steady hand, the wary eye,
 That steered, if not to victory,
 To glorious defeat.

We have loved thee, Cambridge ; leaving,
 Some, perchance, for distant realms,
 We would say how we have loved thee, —
 Loved thee for thy graceful elms ;
 Loved thee for thy placid river,
 Ever deep, and strong, and free,
 Through innumerable windings
 Falling down to meet the sea.
 I have seen it after sunrise,
 Rolling meadows at its side,
 Fresh in all their dewy greenness,
 Just above the rising tide.
 On my ear the cock's shrill music,
 And the early chapel bell,
 Busy hum of world at daybreak, —
 All in sweet confusion fell.

I have seen it after nightfall,
 Rowing by its moonlit shores,
 Silent but for watch-dog's barking,
 And the sound of plashing oars.
 But still fairest and most lovely
 Is the dreamy afternoon,
 Warm with gentle southern breezes,
 Breathing sweet delights of June.
 Golden sunlight's on the water,
 Golden haze o'er all the land ;
 Tranquilly your boat is drifting,
 Careless you to reach the strand.
 And the sun, as if to bring you
 Nearer heaven than before,
 Spreads his beams, a radiant pathway,
 Bridging all the distance o'er.

One night in the year — no, in none, to be true ;
 On the boundary-line 'twixt the old and the new —
 Was the first of a trio of deeds of renown,
 Whose fame should be handed religiously down.
 'Twas a time of transition like that of to-day,
 Ere the dawn of the New Year began to be gray.
 We fought for our pleasure, we danced for our rights ;
 Which sport was the poorest, the dance or the fights ?
 'Twas a sport the pale moon was unwilling to see,
 That war-dance around the old Liberty Tree.
 'Twas a music the moon was unwilling to hear,
 Those burlesques of Harvard's melodious cheer ;
 But it served as an outlet for spirits restrained,
 And a safety escapement for those that remained.

The next great event in our course was a race ;
 At — the usual time and the usual place.
 In that fortunate period long since flown,
 When the class could boast of a crew of its own ;
 Who vowed that they'd row when their name was at stake,
 Though half were too feeble to walk to the lake ;

'Tis true, they were beaten ; the lake was not smooth ;
 The waters all effort was useless to soothe ;
 For they ruffled the calm of Quinsigamond's blue,
 By presuming to row with an invalid crew.

These triumphs both over, and nothing to fear,
 On our coming of age in our Sophomore year,
 'Twas finally settled, by common consent,
 That a banquet should mark the important event.
 What muse would have skill to describe in the least
 The sumptuous taste of that Barmecide feast?
 What muse could half rival the caterer's art,
 With dishes seen nowhere except on — the carte?
 Such questions 'twere bootless the muses to ask ;
 The Aonian sisters would shrink from the task,
 And perhaps 'twere as well ; there was little to spare,
 And even the muses can't live upon air,
 Or the empty repast of a mere bill of fare.

Out, out beyond the narrow bound
 Of academic wall ;
 Far from the scenes that cluster round
 Each gray old college hall ;
 Through all the dark and narrow doors,
 On, on, to time's remotest shores, —
 The full flood-tide of feeling pours,
 That fills the hearts of all.
 A clear, strong current, as of old,
 It flows forever free ;
 Through life's broad ocean, deep and cold,
 Its gentler waves their courses hold,
 Nor mingle with the sea.
 As flowed Alpheus, — so the fables tell, —
 Wandering by Scillus, through the Elean field,
 Where the Athenian warrior loved to dwell,
 And hung his now-neglected sword and shield, —
 The hero-chronicler, whose varied lore
 Ran gently on, smooth as a summer stream,
 Filled with sweet legends of the days of yore,
 With stirring tale, or philosophic dream, —

And past Olympia's plain, where gathered those,
 The youth who longed a victor's pride to feel,
 Who loved the noble palm, and worthy foes,
 And the goal shunned with glowing chariot wheel.
 Down, down from Pholoë's sacred height,
 Moving through meadows ever bright,
 The classic training-ground for mind and frame,
 In conscious purity Alpheus came.
 His billows scorning e'en to merge
 Their waters in the deep,
 Unconquered by the ocean surge,
 Their courses westward keep ;
 Rising at length upon Ortygian isle,
 Beneath the slopes of princely Syracuse,
 Pure as at first, through many a weary mile,
 A fountain of sweet water, Arethuse.

So flows the current of our college life,
 Of friendship and affectionate regard ;
 Gaining new vigor from the friendly strife,
 With oars or books, in river, hall, or yard,
 It moves along through classic shades,
 Past our Olympic plain,
 To where the myriad billows ceaseless curl ;
 But never mingling with Life's ocean whirl,
 It rises clear and pure again,
 In a distant land beyond the main ;
 Some fair, fair island towards the setting sun,
 Some Sicily, lapped in the western wave,
 A place to rest in after journeys done,
 A fountain of sweet water, strong to save.
 And as the traveller, on that distant shore,
 Drank of the stream all wearied and alone,
 He thought of Greece, and happy days of yore,
 Of home, and childhood, and the life that's flown :
 So mem'ries of the past, and friends dispersed,
 Floating before our minds shall softly move,
 When we in after years shall slake our thirst
 At the clear well-spring of our early love.

Classmates ! as the time draws nearer,
 For us finally to part,—
 Hour in which we should be joyous,
 Yet we must be sad at heart,—
 Of the moments swiftly passing,
 There are left me yet a few.
 One last word remains — Be earnest
 In whate'er you find to do.
 We cannot forever trifle,
 Now in action, now in thought ;
 Life is not a pretty plaything,
 Made for boy's or woman's sport ;
 Men there are among, around, us,
 Trained by nature's laughter-rule, —
 Men grown four years old in folly,
 Keen adepts in ridicule, —
 Men who crush all nobler feelings,
 Flatten every higher aim,
 'Neath the dead weight of opinion,
 Cramped by college praise or blame.
 Now's the time to burst the shackles
 That so long have bound your soul ;
 Scorning taunts, forgetting failures,
 Struggle to your destined goal.
 Fear no laughter at your falling ;
 Ever upward, onward, rise :
 Fools and cowards laugh ; but brave men
 Stumble on and win the prize.
 Think not you yourself are feeble, —
 Slow to venture any length, —
 For your weakness is completeness,
 In another's greater strength.
 Angel wings are rustling near you,
 In your spirit's deepest night,
 And your darkness borrows glory
 From their pure, unclouded light.
 See yon castle, black and frowning,
 Grimly towering on high,
 'Gainst the luminous warm background
 Of a clear midsummer sky :

Bright the heavens all around it ;
 But along its dusky wall,
 Brighter still, by heightened contrast,
 Rests a halo over all.
 Are you weak? then think no labor
 Is too slight a care for you ;
 See the most translucent ether,
 Massing into deepest blue.
 Slight? you think your life-work humble?
 What are we but human hands,
 Led by some superior power,
 Following some divine commands?
 What but Heaven-guided fingers,
 Infinitely weak and small,
 Writing out their ceaseless record
 Over time's eternal wall?
 Great soul-histories and warnings,
 Lessons for the coming age,
 Chronicled by priest and statesman,
 By the poet and the sage ;
 Written out by hands all glowing,
 Heat intense in every joint,
 Burning with a flame celestial,
 To the utmost tactile point !

It is ended. Dream no longer ;
 Wake, my classmates, wake once more ;
 On this solemn day of parting,
 Think as ne'er you thought before ;
 On this entrance to your life-work —
 Fling away all baser things :
 We may yet inscribe the warnings,
 That shall move the hearts of kings !

O D E .

BY CHARLES CROOKE EMOTT.

I.

A LMA MATER! we stand at thy gates once again
As we stood in the days that are past,
And bitter-sweet memories of joys that have been
Meet our lips as we taste this — the last.
'Tis bitter to turn from thy love and thy life ;
'Tis sweet to have lived, to have loved ;
We look back to thy smile, with hands strong for the strife,
Thus standing in thy sight approved.

II.

As the shores of the past fade away into night,
As the swift stream of time hurries on,
The light of our love keeps thy memory bright
'Mid the shadows of years that are gone.
When we gather again on eternity's shore,
With our last hymns of prayer and praise,
Thy anthem shall rise, Alma Mater, once more,
As we sing of thy halcyon days.

HARVARD COLLEGE, June 24, 1870.

